

CHRISTMAS 1908

THE CHRONICLE.

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CROSSFIELD, ALBERTA, THURSDAY DECEMBER 24, 1908.

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Christmas In Cactus Center.

WOMEN'S scarce in Cactus Center, and there ain't no bargain stores. For to start them Monday rushes that break down the stoutest doors, but we had some Christmas shopping that the town ain't over yet, jest because of one small woman and a drug store toilet set.

She was Cactus Center's teacher, and she hadn't left the stage. 'Fore she had the boys plum loosed, and I don't bar youth nor age. She was cute and smart and pretty, and she might 'a' been here yet if it hadn't been for Dawson and his drug store toilet set.

It was old and scratched and speckled, fer 'twas in his case fer years. But old Dawson, sharp and clever, put a whisper in our ears—'Lowed he'd sell that set at auction, and he says, "Now, boys, you bet This'll make a hit with teacher—this here swell new toilet set."



IT WAS THEN BEGUN THE SHOOTIN'. Well, the biddin' started lively, and it got to gittin' hot. For every mind in Cactus on that single thing was set. Purty soon I'd staked my saddle, worth two hundred dollars set. Just to own fer one short second that blamed drug store toilet set.

It was then begun the shootin', no one seems to know jest how, And 'twas lack of ammerition that at last broke up the row. And thirteen of us was hurt, but the worst blow that we met Was in findin' that some bullets had gone through that toilet set.

But we plugged the punctures in it, and we plugged the wounded, too, And agreed we'd arbitrate it, and the bunch 'd see it through. So we sent a gift committee, but they came back sorer yet.

For the teacher, 'd flattered eastward, so we have that toilet set. —Denver Republican.

In the Kitchen. Miss Ella (the cook)—Go 'long, now, Mistah Johnson! How dare yo' kiss mah ruby lips?

Mr. Johnson—'Fo' de Lawd, Miss Jacksion, Ah jess couldn' erist claimin' de privilege when Ah seen dat mistletoe.

Miss Ella—What mistletoe yo' all talkin' 'bout? Mr. Johnson—W'y, dat hangin' 'rom de shelf right 'bove yo' beautiful bald. Miss Ella—Huh! Dat's nothin' but a bunch o' spinach!

Wishing All Our Readers A Merry Christmas And A Happy New Year.



Thought we heard
reindeer!

FROM COPYRIGHT STEREOGRAPH BY AMERICAN STEREOGRAPH CO.

An Xmas Mistake

By FRANK H. SWEET.

[Copyright, 1907, by Frank H. Sweet.]
ST. NICHOLAS was resting From his Christmas work at last, The gifts had all been given, The holidays were past, And, dozing in his armchair, With his cat upon his knees, The good saint smoked his honest pipe And took his honest ease. But something roused him quickly, He started from his seat, A soldier bold, a maiden fair, Were kneeling at his feet. "St. Nicholas," the maiden cried, "Behold my fearful plight! These wounds have been inflicted Since that dreadful, dreadful night When you left me in the stocking Of a being I dare not name." She paused. The soldier raised his voice And said: "I blush with shame To stand before your saintship In the dress you now behold, But the way I have been treated Makes my very blood run cold. I've been nursed and kissed and cuddled: I've been rocked and sung to sleep.



A SOLDIER BOLD, A MAIDEN FAIR, WERE KNEELING AT HIS FEET.

Oh, were I not a soldier still I'd almost like to weep." "Ah," mused the good St. Nicholas, "I think I understand." And he smiled a merry little smile And coughed behind his hand. "'Twas on that busy Christmas eve, When all was in a whirl, This doll was given to a boy, This soldier to a girl." And then aloud he gravely said: "I grieve to see your pain, But if you'll stay with me a year All shall be well again. Next Christmas eve, my children, When you are well and strong, I will put you in the stockings Where you really do belong."

"I wonder where my soldier is!" Cried gentle little Moll. And Baby, gazing round him, sobbed, "Where is my baby doll?"

But, though they hunted high and low And searched both far and near, The maiden and the soldier bold Were seen no more that year.

For the Present. "I am very glad to learn," said the girl friend who had come to spend the Christmas holidays with her, "that you are on good terms with Mr. Smirkey for the present." "Yes," replied Miss Smirkey, "just for the present, you know."

The Airdrie Store.

Santa Claus



Is Coming.

We are doing all we can to make the journey pleasant for him
But before he reaches here, call and get your Christmas stock

Dolls. Toys. Fancy Notions. Handkerchiefs. Candy.
Jap Oranges and many other good things.

DON'T WAIT BUT GET THE PICK.

Glover & MacCornack.

Pioneer Machine Men

PLOWS PLOWS



The Fall Plowing Season
is at hand.

Call and See our Stock of
JOHN DEERE and
COCKSHUTT PLOWS

COOMBE & MACKENZIE

'XMAS GIFTS.

A Splendid Range of—

Carvers Table Cutlery Pocket Cutlery
Gillette Safety Razors King Cutter Razors
Fancy Scissors, Etc.

SEE OUR DISPLAY

W. T. ROGERS & CO.

Bring your Plowshares to

T. JOHNSTON

You dont need to bring the Plow
He Guarantees a Job

J. H. SMITH,
Real Estate

Improved and Unimproved Farm Lands
Stock Ranches and Town Lots
Highest prices paid for hogs, and for
all kinds of grain.

Stock Bought and Sold
Airdrie, - Alberta

J. HOLGATE,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
Consignment of Alarm Clocks Just
Arrived.
Issuer of Marriage Licenses

TYRES RE-SET

Woodwork Done

All Kinds of General Blacksmithing

Special pains taken with
TYRE SETTING

T. FLETT

W. CLELLAND

CARPENTER & CONTRACTOR.

Airdrie.

All Kinds of Carpenter Work Done
ESTIMATES FURNISHED

You'll Be Needing

Bulk Raisins and Currants
Packaged Seeded Raisins
Fancy Cluster Raisins
Malaga Grapes
Icing Sugars and Candies
Full line of Fresh Fruits
Peels and Confectionary.

Geo. Richardson.

NOW OPEN

Airdrie Blacksmith Shop

Call And See Us On Prices.

W. D. Clark.

A FEW FACTS

You can own a section of land in three
years by making use of the South African
Veteran warrants. You have the pick of
28,000,000 acres of Government land.
You can save money by getting your
warrants from Hays Bros., of Carletons.

Masquerade Ball
To Be Held.

A grand masquerade ball and entertainment (including supper), will be held in Onkes & Armstrong hall, Crossfield, on New Year's Eve. The admission will be \$1.50 (ladies free) and when we state that the committee looking after the ball consists of Messrs C. Anderson, J. Cavander, W. Edwards and H. Scholefield it is a foregone conclusion that it will be a huge success.

1st and 2nd prizes will be given for ladies', gents' and comic costumes, and a novel feature will be that the prizes will be awarded by popular vote. The very best music available will be provided.

An entertainment of songs, recitations, etc., will be provided during the supper interval, so that there will not be a flagging moment.

The committee wish it to be distinctly understood that the ball, etc., is being got up with no idea of making money for any individual, society or charity, but simply to provide a pleasant evening for every one, and every cent after deducting the actual expenses will be devoted to provide the prizes. The people of Crossfield and vicinity should not miss this opportunity of enjoying the greatest ball and entertainment ever provided here.

Regarding Wagon Scales in Crossfield.

To the Editor—

I weighed a sixty bushel load of wheat on MacCrimmon's scales, weighed it on Sutherland's scales and on the Elevator scales. It weighed 50 lbs. more on MacCrimmon's than on the Elevator, 30 lbs. more on the Elevator than on Sutherland's this making a difference of 80 lbs. between MacCrimmon's and Sutherland's. A thousand bushels of Red at 75 cts. per bushel at a variation of this kind would make a difference of \$12.50. With Chas. Anderson's Alberta Red, it would make a difference of \$125. I do not feel that any of those parties are inclined to be dishonest. It is a laxity of business accuracy. I reported the condition to J. W. Costello, Inspector of weights and measures, Calgary, he told me if we had scales that were not weighing right we could not use them till they were fixed. He asked for the maker's name, capacity and shop mark. Lent him this with a request to attend to the scales as soon as possible.

I am in receipt of a letter from a grain Co., who I addressed, calling their attention to the opportunity for another Elevator in Crossfield. They said they would consider the matter. I would be pleased to get a bushel or so of the best yields and grades of the different varieties of grain to send some to the Canadian Immigration Agent, Spokane, Wash., and Great Falls, Montana; the Seattle exposition to be held next summer; the Spokane, Walla Walla and Colfax, Wash. fairs. I see by the Calgary paper Okotoks had and exhibit of grain at the Walla Walla, Washington fair. Okotoks is just completing a 75 barrel flour mill.

We need more platform room for farmers to load cars off. I would suggest that we apply for room enough to load four cars at a time. See Chapter 88, Act 86 Manitoba grain laws, which provides for the enlarging of platforms. A post card addressed to David Horne, chief grain inspector, Winnipeg, will get you a copy of those laws which every farmer should have.

Thos. Fitzgerald.

CROSSFIELD.

Let Crossfield Flourish!

This is a great country.

Have you subscribed yet?

Presbyterian Church Service held in Methodist Church every Sunday evening at 7.30 p. m.

Methodist Sunday School is held at 2.30 and a preaching service at 3.30 every Sunday afternoon.

Church of England service will be held in the School-house, Crossfield, on Sunday next at 3.30 p. m.

"Sit up and take notice" that you can get South African Veteran warrants from Hays Bros. of Carletons at a snap.

Dr. Large has gone back to the east for Christmas and will be gone until January 15th when he will resume his weekly visits to Crossfield.

We can take your subscription to the Nor' West Farmer, Western Home Monthly, Westward-Ho Magazine and this paper altogether for only \$2.75. The usual price of the above is \$3.50.



CHRISTMAS NEAR THE POLE.

Where Seal Meat and Whale's Blubber

Taste Turkey's Place.

"I think Christmas, 1883, was my most memorable one," said General Greeley, the arctic explorer. "With my command I was proceeding southward in the hope of obtaining help, and about the 20th of October we encountered ourselves in a little hut at Cape Sabine. Our supply of food was running very low, and we were on very short rations, every one being allowed just food enough in each twenty-four hours to sustain life. Under these depressing circumstances and amid the awful silence of the polar night the cheerfulness that we continued to maintain was remarkable.

"Christmas day came at last—Christmas in the arctic regions! At 6 o'clock we had our breakfast—thin soup made of peas, carrots, blubber and potatoes. Our Christmas dinner was served at 1 o'clock—first course, a stew of seal meat, onions, blubber, potatoes and breadcrumbs; second course, served one hour after first, a stew of raisins, blubber and milk; dessert, a cup of hot chocolate. One of our party had some tobacco still left, and he very kindly made a cigarette for each one in our little party.

"I will wager that in all Christendom that day not another present was given or received that gave such intense delight to the recipients as did those little rolls of tobacco and paper. They were quickly aflame and being puffed away at for dear life, and thus my most memorable Christmas—Christmas near the north pole—ended in smoke."—Pittsburg Dispatch.



Christmas Goods

Now on Display.

FUR COATS

HORSE BLANKETS

RUBBERS

OVERSHOES

MEN'S AND WOMEN'S FELT SHOES

A SPECIALTY.

Farr & Jenkins

Government Telephone Office

SEED FOR SALE.

OATS AND BARLEY.

All thoroughly cleaned, Oats 35c a bushel, barley 40c per bushel. Also feed oats for sale 30c. Apply Martin Amussen, 5 miles N. W. of Crossfield. ttd10p

FOR SALE.

SHAKESPEARE

In Ten Volumes; Published in 1825.

Write for information to—
Henry A. Chapman, Box 602, Hartford, Conn.

Smith.

COMPETENT BOOT MAKER

If it is workmanship, quality and material you desire, then bring your repairs to the right place.

Any Kind of Boots Made to Order

Repairs Done While You Wait

Competition Defied

Satisfaction guaranteed

Note address—

Next Door to Chronicle Office.

Bids for Breaking
1500 Acres in 1909

BIDS Wanted for the following breaking:—About 130 acres on S.E. 3/4 Sec. 36-29-2 west of 5th, known as the Archie Schwitter place, opposite Sunshine School House. About 450 acres on Sec. 13-29-2 west of 5th, joining C. Bales' place; also about 135 acres on N.W. 3/4 12-29-2 west of 5th, known as the Fred Downie place, farmed by C. Bales. About 200 acres half a mile from Crossfield, the old Patmore place, opposite Mr. Oldakers place. Also balance of Sec. 1-29-29 3/4 miles N. E. from Crossfield, west of 4th M., about 560 acres. We will pay up to an estimate of 3/4 for the breaking as it is done, the balance as soon as finished and measured up. Address bids for all or part to—

THOMAS AMERY,

Sprague, Wash., U. S. A.

CANADA'S CHRISTMAS STAMP.

The Only Known Postal Memorial of the December Holiday.

Stamp collectors say that the greatest Christmas gift ever made was a postage stamp of the value of 2 cents. On Christmas, 1898, Great Britain presented to all her thirty-seven colonies a Christmas gift in the form of two cent letter postage in place of the rate of 5 cents, which for decades had existed.

In honor of this event Canada placed on sale on Christmas morning, 1898, a Christmas postage stamp, the only stamp of the kind ever issued by any country. In many respects it is unique among all postage stamps.

It was larger than our Columbian stamps and showed a map of the world with the possessions of the British empire printed in bright scarlet. The oceans appeared in a bluish green and the frame of the design in black.

Across the top was the inscription "Canada Postage," with a crown resting on laurel leaves tucked in between the words. At the extreme lower part of the design is the declaration, "We hold a vaster empire than has been" above this, "Xmas, 1898," and a figure "2" in each lower corner.

It is worthy of note that this Canadian stamp was printed by a bank note company in the United States. It marked a new epoch in stamp production, having three colors. Bicolored stamps are not uncommon, but up to that time no country had ever attempted a three color stamp.

This Christmas stamp was probably the most expensive ever issued, costing the Canadian government four times as much as the ordinary single color stamp. Although issued on Christmas, 1898, the stamp's availability for postage uses is unlimited.—New York Herald.

Her Little Prayer.

Former Comptroller Edward M. Grant of New York city tells a pretty little Christmas story.

He said that a little girl relative of his was visiting her grandmother on Thanksgiving day. Already the child had begun to speculate on what Santa Claus was to bring her at Christmas time, and, as children—especially girls—will do when they are at the house of an indulgent friend, she began to rummage through closets and drawers.

In the course of her investigation the cause upon a brand new white muff.

It was the very thing she had wanted, and she knew that Santa Claus' chief purchases agent—grandma—had obtained it for her.

Taxed with it, grandma admitted the truth.

"But," she said, "you must forget all about it until Christmas day."

"That night as she was being put to bed the child astonished her mother by adding this to her evening prayer:

"Please, God, make me forget all about the little white muff Santa Claus is to bring."—New York Times.

Strange Christmas Superstition.

In north Germany a person must not spin during the twelve nights of Christmas lest he or she should walk after death, nor after sunset on Saturday, for then mice will eat the work. If it is desired to have money and luck all the year round, one must not fall to eat herrings on New Year's day, nor if you wish to be lucky must you rock an empty cradle or spill salt wantonly or cross knives or point at the stars. If a dirty cloth is left on the table over Christmas night it will make the angels weep. If you point upward to the rainbow it will make the angel's feet bleed, and if you talk of caldages while looking at the moon you will hurt the feelings of the man in it.—Tit Bits.

In Saxon Times.

In Norman and Saxon times an ox was always roasted whole over the Yule log on Christmas.

its Natural Advantages.

"So you like the experience you have of leaping hovey?"

"Yes, you see no matter how the market is depressed in other things it is a business which keeps on humming."—Baltimore American.

Listen to the Birds.



"Great Scott, what are you cutting a lightning rod for?"

"Didn't you hear a big thunderstorm is coming tomorrow?"—New York World.

A Slight Jolt.

"Yes," said Scribbles, "I have a perfect position for writing poetry."

"You had the position is unrequited," rejoined Miss Gargano.—Chicago News.

Crossfield

A Grain Centre

25,000 Acres of Land Under Cultivation.

Record Breaking Crops. Large Shipments of Cattle, Hogs And Dairy Produce Made Every Year.

As Alberta is known the world over as a great grain and cattle country, so is Crossfield known as one of the finest grain and cattle districts in Alberta. Record breaking crops are produced in this district every year, and the crop area is rapidly increasing. Only three years ago there were but two threshing outfits operating in this vicinity while this fall there were no less than ten.

The total grain produced this year will run close on one million bushels or nearly twice as much as the crop of 1906.

Grain shipments are heavy and are likely to run 6 or 7 times larger than last year's. The local elevator has been full several times and as many as fifty-two names have appeared on the car order book. For quality and weight Crossfield grain is difficult to beat, wheat having been grown to go over 60 bushels to the acre and oats have run as high as 130 bushels.

The farmers round Crossfield are prosperous and contented and a better class of settlers cannot be found anywhere.

They practically all go in for mixed farming and thousands of eggs and thousands of pounds of butter are shipped annually chiefly to British Columbia.

The raising of cattle and hogs is carried on extensively and much of Alberta's finest beef and pork come from Crossfield centre.

Crossfield itself is a flourishing town where population has more than doubled during the past three years.

The town is growing rapidly and business of all kinds is active.

There are located here several general hardware and gent's furnishing stores, elevator, bank, newspaper and printing offices, creamery, schools, churches, doctor, veterinary surgeon, druggist, blacksmiths, hotel, restaurant, implement warehouses, grain buyer, laundry, lumberyard, livery, solicitor, dentist, etc., etc. The town of course owes its entire prosperity to the fertile and prosperous country surrounding it and with such a country tributary, Crossfield cannot fail to have a very bright future.



Photo J. Morrison, Crossfield

Outside J. Frew's Blacksmith Shop Looking Down the Street.



Photo J. Morrison

On J. Morrison's Ranch.



Old and New Depots taken five years ago.



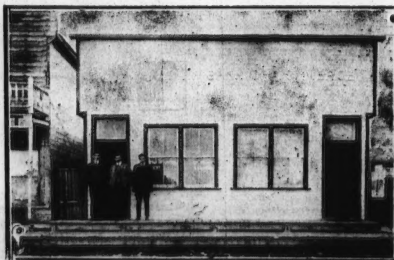
Play Time on the Ranch.



Photo by J. Morrison



J. D. Collicut's Cattle.





You can get the Most for Your Money
At Sutherland's.

A Carload of No. 1 SHINGLES on Hand

Call In and Get Our Prices

"DIRT CHEAP"

And

"YANKEE PRICES."

COME IN

And I will help you to make out an estimate of the Lumber for the building you intend to build. I am certain the price will suit and the material is in the yard for you to judge as to quality.

Wishing You
A Merry Christmas
And A
Happy New Year

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD,
GEO. BECKER, Prop.



Clubbing Rates
With the Leading Newspapers and
Magazines can be got at this Office.

THE TOGGERY.

New Hats
New Gloves
Overalls
Handkerchiefs, red and blue

New Shirts
Sheep Coats
Sox

SUITS PRESSED

D. G. HARVIE.

The Kaiser's Christmas.

PROBABLY no European court gives Christmas presents on so extended a scale as the Kaiser's. Every one gives presents to every one else, and for weeks before Christmas secret inquiries are made about the most suitable gifts to be stowed. The empress and her seven children mysteriously dash about Berlin and Potsdam, visiting jewelers, toy-shops and other establishments where something new or striking is to be had, and they hold a levee every morning of tradesmen whom they have no time to visit.

The Kaiser does no shopping himself, but he is the greatest Christmas box giver of all, and his presents in every case exactly fit the desires of the happy recipient. Early in December he makes a list of the persons to whom he intends making presents. His wife heads the list, and at the foot is usually some old pensioner or infirm householdkeeper who has served the Hohenzollerns for half a century.

Soon before Christmas the royal mail sends the Kaiser a bag of bright, new



HE BELLOWED OUT THE ONE WORD "MAJESTY."

gold twenty and ten mark pieces and another of silver five mark pieces. His majesty fills his pockets when he goes walking in the parks at Potsdam, and the little children and old men and women who are fortunate enough to meet him or soldiers standing sentry, stamping in the snow, are certain of a gift, accompanied not infrequently by a joke.

The Kaiser's best side is seen at Christmas. There is a story current that once near the palace of Sans Souci the Kaiser came upon a half-frozen sentry with very red nose and eyes. The sentry, with stiff fingers, brought his rifle to the salute.

"Cold day," said his majesty. The sentry did not reply, but his teeth clattered.

"How long have you been on duty?" asked the Kaiser. Silence.

"Stupid!" said his majesty. "Why don't you speak when I address you?" The sentry moved his jaws and lips, but to word escaped. The Kaiser burst out laughing and, turning to his adjutant, said:

"Take this chap into the palace, put him before a fire, thaw him out, particularly his jaws, see he gets a big hot drink and a big feed, and, here," turning to the sentry, "take this and drink my health and the empress's."

The soldier found voice at last. He bellowed out the one word "Majesty!"

The empress is always practical with her gifts. Every year her majesty grows more popular among the least elements of the people. Her unassuming ways, entire freedom from hauteur, consideration for servants and kindly interest in the wofaire of the poor and helpless endear her in ever widening circles of Germans. She is fond of presenting ladies with costly lace.

The young princes, headed by the crown prince, show little discrimination in their gifts—scarfpins, rings, dogs, cigarette cases, watch-chains, and so on, being their staple gifts, varied sometimes by a book, a picture or a statuette. Victoria Louise's gifts of dolls to her friends are numerous. To favored friends she does not mind presenting kitchen ranges and furnished doll houses. She is in close association with the nation's and soldiers' orphanages at Potsdam, and the number of little girls who receive her gifts is enormous. Stores of oranges and honey cakes are collected by her for distribution on Christmas eve.—New York World.



IN THE DAYS OF '64.

The Last Christmas of the Southern Confederacy.

"We had some memorable Christmas days in the south during the war," said Mrs. Zebulon B. Vance, wife of the late United States senator from North Carolina. "That of 1864 was different from any that had preceded it because we were in arms against the Federal government, and many of the male guests at southern homes that day wore Confederate uniforms. Much of the talk at the Christmas dinner table was of sieges and battles and marches, but we were all full of hope and confidence."

"Christmas, 1862, found us but poorly prepared to celebrate it. Our supplies were few, and Confederate money was at a heavy discount. Then came the latter year of 1862, with the fall of Vicksburg and the defeat at Gettysburg. With sad faces, harmonizing well with their dresses of coarse black stuff, the women of the south devoted themselves to picking lint and spinning and weaving for husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts in the field."

"Christmas, 1864—the last Christmas of the war-dawned, and what a gloomy festival it was for the people of the south! Of manufactured products we had practically none. Our hutsling scarce many of long black horses, with a hail of sealing wax on the end. We had made into dresses every scrap of available material, while our feet were incased in home-made cloth shoes. The slaves, having heard of 'de emancipation proclamation,' knew that they were free and had all scattered away. Emancipation seemed to reign over everything. Of all the Christmas days I have known that 'last Christmas in the south in wartime' is the one of all others that I am most certain never to forget."—Pittsburg Dispatch.



The Pantomime.

"Pop, what is a pantomime?" "A pantomime is a piece in which no one speaks."

"I shouldn't think a piece with no women in it would be interesting."

If you want to know how old a woman is, just ask her sister-in-law. Atchison Globe.

Canadian Pacific

ANNUAL.

Eastern Canada Excursions

Low Round Trip Rates to
ONTARIO, QUEBEC

AND

MARITIME PROVINCES

Tickets on sale Dec. 1, to Dec. 31, inclusive, good to return within three months.

Finest Equipment. Standard First-class Sleeping and Tourist Cars on all Through Trains.

2 Through Express Trains Daily. THE "TORONTO EXPRESS." Leaves Winnipeg daily at 22.10, making connections at Toronto for all points east and west thereof.

Apply to nearest C.P.R. Agent for full information.

J. E. PROCTOR,
Dist. Pass. Agent, Calgary.

BREAD FOR SALE.

\$1 for 13 Tickets.

Rooms 25c. a night.
Room and Board \$5 per week.
Meal Ticket \$4 for 21 meals.

Y. PARK & CO.

Now

Is the Time to get your
Wagons fixed, Tyres re-set
and all wood work done at

JOHN FREW'S

Shoeing Forge.

Price Reduced!

CANADA'S STAMP PAPER

The future price of the North American Collector to be 25c. a year. Rise the same and 20 word ad. Free to all subscribers.

NORTH AMERICAN COLLECTOR
Crossfield, Alberta, Canada.



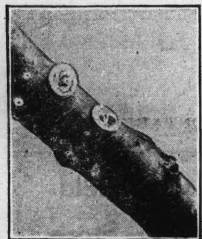
The Mistletoe

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

[Copyright, 1901, by Robertus Love.]

WHEN you step under the wing of mistletoe hanging from the chandelier to get your Christmas kiss you may not be particularly interested in the young of the peculiar little vegetable growth which Cupid seems to have appropriated for his own. Nevertheless the process of mistletoe production and reproduction is highly interesting.

In some parts of England, where most of the mistletoe of Christmas



REEMER CURBED ON A BRANCH. Time comes from the gardeners propagate the parasite artificially. Mistletoe, as is well known, is of the parasite kind, taking its sustenance not from the ground, but from a tree. The apple tree seems to be its favorite, though the hawthorn, the lime and the poplar frequently carry the parasite. The scientific inoculation of trees with the mistletoe growth is practiced with excellent results in the north of England. The gardener takes between his thumb and forefinger one of the little berries of the mistletoe, crushes it so that its sticky juice comes out and sticks it upon the surface of a branch of the tree. Usually he selects a young branch, on which the bark is soft and easily penetrable. If an older branch is chosen, the bark is slightly scraped on the surface. The berry is mashed flat against the bark. The seed which it contains is thus held in place by its own gum.

Late April or May is the proper season for inoculating. The seed soon sends through the bark a little "feeler" or root, and a small twig, bending in toward the branch of the tree, appears.



SWELLED BRANCH AND TWIG.

After a considerable period this twig, which looks like a small bamboo sticking in the tree from the top of the book, falls off. The uninitiated thinks it is all over, but the experienced gardener knows better. He knows that after a time the branch will begin to swell at the point of inoculation, gradually rising to a little

peak at the place where the nook has been. This tip gets green and shiny, a bud pushes up, and in a few weeks an unmistakable twig of mistletoe is visible, with a stem and a long leaf or two.

After this the mistletoe comes rapidly into its kingdom and takes possession. The close observer will see other little swellings and peaks along the branch, the thin roots of the mistletoe having traveled under the bark to sprout up in fresh places. Thus it travels along until sometimes the whole tree is in its possession, fine bunches of the Christmas hanger growing abundantly.

When once the mistletoe takes possession of a fruit tree the effect upon the fruit is quite noticeable. The mistletoe takes its nourishment from the tree to which it clings. That is the soil in which its roots live and thrive. Naturally this reduces the amount of substance which formerly went into the fruit. If the captive be an apple tree, the apples become small and scraggy. The mistletoe has stolen away their sweetness and plumpness. Man grows by what he feeds on. So does mistletoe. And as the pork eating man visits the penality of death upon the pig so does the parasite upon the tree. The tree, by sucking up the sap and pouring fall upon the apple whose progenitor feeds the spreading parasite. Nature is full of wonders, and the growth of mistletoe is one of the most wonderful when adequately studied.

Mistletoe grows naturally in parts of England and Scotland, being propagated by birds. In some of the northern counties of Scotland no mistletoe is found. This is believed to be due to the absence of the mistle thrush



TWO AND FIRST RED BURNING.

from those counties. The thrush of this name is exceedingly fond of the mistletoe berry. After eating its fill the bird flies to another tree. Being cleanly, it uses the branch of the tree upon which it alights for a napkin, wiping its sticky bill thereon. Frequently a mistletoe seed is thus deposited and glued to the bark. Then the reproductive process follows naturally.

An official inquiry as to whether mistletoe is still to be found on oak trees, as in Druidical days, resulted in the discovery of several oaks in one county of England bearing the parasite. But modern mistletoe has come to be Capricious rather than Druidical. When the mistletoe and the mist, plus the mistle, get in the proper position the result rhyms with kiss.

Willy's Hot Christmas.

"Well, Willy," said Uncle Ned, who sometimes talked slang, "I suppose you had a hot time on Christmas."

"I sh'd say I did," replied Willy, "early Claus filled my socks so full that they fell down into the fireplace as I ketch'd on fire, and I got up & gether up the scraps that was left & found paw there tryin' to do the same thing, and I got my hands all arns burned so I had to stay in bed all arns, and then paw licked me for gettin' up so early on Christmas mornin'."

The Christmas Chef

By DAVIS TRACY.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. N. Lurie.]

"DID you get one, John?"

Mrs. Botsford spoke eagerly, almost hysterically.

"Yes; I sent her round to the kitchen entrance."

"Can she cook?"

"She is neat and very nice looking."

Mr. Botsford temporized defensively. "She says she can do every kind of housework up to garret to down cellar."

"But can she cook—fancy dishes, I mean?"

"She says that she had quite a reputation at home for plain, wholesome cooking, and she is willing to learn. I told her what you wanted."

Mrs. Botsford dropped upon a stool, her eyes filling.

"Oh, John," she ejaculated, "it's 11 o'clock now, and Cousin Edward's fiancée is coming at 3 o'clock to stay until Saturday, and she and Edward, and some of her people will be here for Christmas dinner tomorrow, and you know I have never seen the girl or any of them. We must have things nice. The girl's worth a clear million in her own right. Oh, John, why need our cook get sick at such a time and—"

Mrs. Botsford was becoming incoherent, but John nodded comprehensively. "But what else could I do? There's a corner on servants, especially cooks, at this season. The only suggestion of one besides Sarah was a ten dollar a day chef who commences on a regular job Monday. Of course you don't want a chef for two days."

Mrs. Botsford sprang to her feet, her face suddenly radiant.

"The very thing!" she cried. "He can do the art work and your cook the



"THE GIRL'S WORTH A CLEAR MILLION."

fact of her coming in a cab and being well dressed was significant of \$10 a day.

Mrs. Botsford did not wait for the second girl to answer the bell, but hurried to the side entrance. The occasion was too momentous for ceremony. As she threw open the door the girl was bending over a fine clump of late chrysanthemums that were smiling daintily into the very teeth of winter.

Mrs. Botsford's heart warmed toward her instantly. A girl who could bend over flowers with that look was not an ordinary workman, but an artist. As the girl smiled, nodded and came forward Mrs. Botsford almost caught her in her arms.

"Oh, my dear," she cried, without giving the chef an opportunity to speak, "you don't know how glad I am to see you! I will take you right into the kitchen, and Sarah will show you where everything is. I shall not make a suggestion, for I see you are perfectly capable. Only do me the just as comprehensive as you can. Miss Lenox is accustomed to everything, and—and I want to make her like me so much and to please Edward."

She had been hurrying the chef through the hall to the kitchen. At the door, to her surprise, the chef pressed a light kiss upon her forehead.

"If you are as nice to Miss Lenox as you are to me," she smiled, "I think she will like you. Now you may leave me in charge. I will do the best I can."

Mrs. Botsford returned to the drawing room, rubbing her forehead thoughtfully.

"What's the matter, Julia," her husband asked—"another headache?"

"No," doubtfully; "that's where the chef kissed me. I never had a girl kiss me as soon before. But I don't care if only she diffuses her artist soul through the cooking. She has an artist soul, John. I saw it in her eyes."

At 3 o'clock she was again at the window, but there was no carriage in sight. Two minutes later the tele-

phone rang. She went to the telephone herself.

"What's that you say? Can't come? Why, that's too bad. But you will be here tomorrow, of course? What? Will send note? Yes. Well, come as early as you can."

An hour later the note came. Mrs. Botsford read it with a perplexed face, then passed it to her husband.

"I didn't know she spelled her name that way, John," she said, "though of course we never saw it spelled out. I'm afraid she's not so well educated as we thought. And of course a lover's opinion isn't always reliable. Poor Edward!"

Mr. Botsford nodded vaguely and opened the note, which read:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Botsford—Sorry I cannot come according to agreement. Imperative summons elsewhere. Will see you tomorrow. Faithfully, etc.

M. LEHNKOCKER.

"Rather abrupt for good form, isn't it?" queried Mr. Botsford. "The name watchin' the turkey and she come in with her hat on and said that everything was ready, so I could attend to it now, and she left this note for you."

"But why did she go?" gasped Mrs. Botsford.

"She said everything was all ready," Sarah repeated stolidly, "and that I could attend to it now. There," as a clear car tinkle sounded outside, "that's her car startin' now. She said she wanted to catch the 9 o'clock."

Mrs. Botsford opened the note with trembling fingers. As she read she frowned, looked mortified, laughed and finally passed the note to her husband, with shining eyes. "She's all right," was her only comment. The note read:

Dear Mrs. Botsford—You really must forgive me. I had an errand downtown and so called at your house an hour earlier than I intended, thinking that I would stop there awhile, and then perhaps you and I would do the errand together. A sight of your lovely chrysanthemums drew me straight through the gate to the side entrance. Then you opened the door, and some way was drifted into the kitchen before I quite realized what I was doing. Then your strait and a remembrance of former triumphs conspired to do the rest. I really do love cooking and have taken a lot of courses in special things. I don't have excelled myself this time and believe you will be satisfied with the result. Sarah and the second girl can manage the rest very nicely. I shall do my errand now and will stay with my aunt at the Marlborough tonight. It will be more convenient. You may expect to see early tomorrow morning. Lovingly,

MARGUERITE LENOX.

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Money. Money. \$50,000

TO LOAN on Improved Farm
Lands at a Low Rate of
Interest.

The expenses are the Lowest
and no commission is charged.

Business strictly confidential.

INSURANCE
A SPECIALTY.

TOWNSITE PROPERTY FOR
SALE.

— SEE —

D. A. MacCrimmon
The Hay and Grain Man.
Crossfield.

ALBERTA HOTEL,

Good
Accommodation

REASONABLE RATES.

M. R. HANDLEY, Prop.

LETHBRIDGE —COAL—

We have the exclusive agency
for Lethbridge Gault Coal.

You cannot buy this high
class coal from anyone else in
town.

Parker

The Livery Barn



As McKee &
Co. are retir-
ing from busi-
ness arrange-
ments have
been made by

CHAS. DICKENS,

(From Edinburgh)

WORKING WATCHMAKER

333 8th Ave. East, Calgary.

Just Below The Queens.

For Watches and Jewelry to be left
with E. J. Benton, Barber. Parcels are
sent from Crossfield ever Monday and
Thursday and received back on Tuesday
and Friday.

Palace Meat Market

Highest cash price paid for
Poultry, Veal and Hides.

We buy hogs, live or dressed
any time. Delivered when
ordered.

All Kinds of Fresh and Salt
Meats Kept in Stock

PALACE MEAT MARKET

G. F. Mitchell, Prop.

The Chronicle.

Published at Crossfield, Alta

Editor—J. Mewhort.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1908

THIS IS A GREAT COUNTRY.

W. J. Phipps, of Dog Point, who at
present is at Medford, Oregon, writes to
say that he expects to return to his
Alberta ranch in a month or so. He
says he has not found anything to beat
Alberta for health and money-making.
He considers \$10 an acre wheat land in
Alberta a better investment than \$1000
per acre fruit land in Southern Oregon.
Before returning Mr. Phipps will take a
trip through Southern California and see
what it's like there.

LOCAL.

A Merry Christmas!

Christmas Greetings!

Have you renewed your subscription?
With this number we commence volume
two.

Send the Chronicle to your friends. It
will be as good as a letter from home.

Congratulations to Mr. MacCrimmon.
A son has arrived to brighten his home.
J. Gladly is building a large new
barn. When it is completed a big dance
will be held in it.

Owing to the holidays next week's issue
of this paper will not appear until a day
or two after the usual time.

If you like this paper and wish to obtain
it regularly call in and pay your
dollar to have it sent you.

The skating rink opened on Tuesday
night. Mr. Gilchrist has season tickets
on sale now.

On Tuesday night the band held its
first practice since it was re-organized.
Mr. H. Becker is the new bandmaster.

Among the first Christmas gifts to reach
us this week was a pair of fine food
basketful of vegetables for which we have
to thank our friends Mr. and Mrs. G. F.
Oldaker.

Mrs. Geo. Becker, who has been
spending a couple of months in Strat-
ford, Ont., arrived home in Crossfield
on Wednesday. She is accompanied by
her sister Miss Strahl who will spend a
few weeks here.

The annual Christmas Tree and concert
of the Golden Rod School will be held in
the school house on New Year's Eve,
December 31st. A good programme is
being prepared and the Xmas tree will be
in connection.

Beautiful calendars have been sent us
by F. R. Parker, of Crossfield, Calgary.
Geo. Becker, Dave, of The Toggery,
Jas. A. Sutherland and Charles Dickens,
the jeweller. We thank one and all for
these calendars, which are of artistic
design.

We have several cash buyers for farm
property. Those desirous of disposing of
their farms call and see us. Choice Busi-
ness and Residential lots. For Sale at
any time.

Hulstgen & Davis,
Real Estate Agents.

C. Dickens, of Calgary the old country
watchmaker who has arranged with Mr.
E. J. Benton, Barber, to have repairs
forwarded has proved himself to be both
reliable, competent and conscientious and
will give the same satisfaction to Cross-
field customers as he does to his Calgary
patrons.

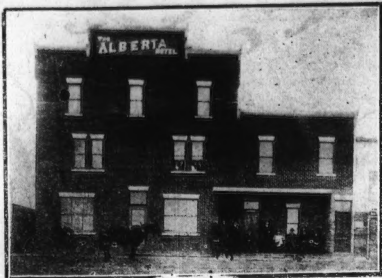
BORN

MACCRIMMON.—In Calgary on Decem-
ber 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. D. A.
MacCrimmon, of Crossfield, a son.

LOCAL MARKETS.

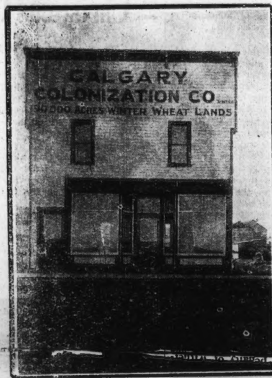
Potatoes, per bushel.	\$0.35
Wheat, No. 1, red, bus.	.75 c.
Wheat, No. 2, per bus.	.72 c.
Wheat, No. 3, " "	.69 c.
Wheat, No. 4, " "	.63 c.
Wheat, No. 5, " "	.57 c.
Flax " "	.90 c.
Oats " "	.24 c.
Barley " "	.30 c.
Eggs " "	.30 c.
Butter " lb.	.20 c.
Hogs, live weight	\$4.75
Hogs, dressed	\$6.25
Cattle, live weight	lb. 3 c. to 3-4
Cows, live weight	" 2 to 2 1/2

Crossfield Business Places.



THE HOTEL.

The Alberta Hotel is a first class
home and up-to-date. Mr. M. R.
Handley, the proprietor, has recently
made many improvements and his
constant endeavor is to make his guests
as comfortable as possible.

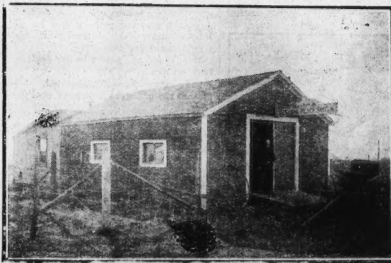


THE TOGGERY.

This is where the Toggery is kept and
where you see Dave.

Dave is an exclusive men's furnisher,
and has an excellent display of goods.

Dave is also an up-to-date Tailor having
had years of experience in the largest
cities in the east, and anything in tail-
oring you may need see Dave and you are
sure to be satisfied.



W. BRADLEY'S BLACKSMITH SHOP.



THE PALACE MEAT MARKET.

Where G. F. Mitchell supplies the wants of the people in fish, fowl
or lamb.



Court Prairie Flower No. 1157

Meets the first Saturday and third Mon-
day in the month. Visiting brethren
always welcome. For further information
write any of the brethren.
Geo. W. Boyce, James Mewhort
Sec. Sec.



"No Surrender," No. 1906.

Meets Friday on or before the Full
Moon. Visiting brethren always wel-
come.
Geo. W. Boyce, A. Wheeler,
W. M. Sec.

C. W. MOORE,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC
Carstairs, Alberta
Will be at Crossfield every Thursday.

Dr. LARGE,

Dentist, Carstairs,
Will be at the Alberta Hotel, Crossfield,
Every Thursday.
AT CARSTAIRS OFFICE
Every Day, Except Wednesday and
Thursday.

Jas. McCool

ISSUER OF
MARRIAGE LICENSES

AUCTIONEER.

Any orders left at the Chronicle office
will be promptly attended to.

Crossfield Drug Store

For Your Stationery and all
Medical Supplies.

MERRICK THOMAS.

G. W. Boyce

PRACTICAL PAINTER
And
PAPERHANGER

Kalsomining, Tinting,
Graining, Gilding, Glazing,
And all kinds of Painting.

Horseshoeing

I have made arrangements
to undertake the shoeing of
horses and am prepared to do
this work promptly and well.

Walter Bradley

G. T. JONES—Cattle branded on
left ribs. Split in both ears. M19

\$10.00 REWARD.

LOST.—At Crossfield, since September
23rd, Four Cows. One 8 yrs. dark
yellow, white face, head B on right
side hind leg. One 6 years old, dark
yellow; one muley 4 years old, dark
black; hind legs white; eddy 4 years
old, white spotted on sides and
underneath. Michael Beresford, Cross-
field, P. O., or Colonization Lands
Dept.

Pastimes of Nan and Dan

"DON'T believe you care one little bit, Dan, as to how my Halloween party will turn out," exclaimed Nan, half petulantly, half smilingly. "Cause you haven't offered a teeny, weeny idea for making it altogether different—and you know that's the only party I care to give."

"Oh, yes, I have, Nan," Dan replied; "and I have a scheme that I think you'll find rather attractive."

Here Dan went to his workbox and



AN ACORN TEA SET

drew forth a little tray, upon which were several tiny articles.

"A tea set, as I live! And everything, teapot, cups, saucers and all, made from acorns!" Dan, you're positively wonderful. But what has this to do with my party?"

Nan's big brother smiled. "Don't you see?" responded he. "I'm going to get you a number of acorns that are still soft, and you'll have an acorn party. Your guests will be provided with keen knives, and then they must make all the little fancy articles they possibly can



COLLAR, WITH PENDANT

from the acorns. The one who does the very best will receive this tea set as a prize."

"That will just be lovely!" cried Nan, jumping up and down in her glee.

It really was a good idea for a party. The girls and boys whom Nan invited enjoyed themselves hugely, and they had no end of fun. Some of the articles were so crude and looked too funny for anything; while others were made very, very skillfully. Baskets, necklaces,



OTHER ACORN MANUFACTURES

cradles, watch charms, earrings, pendants, rings, bracelets—most everything they made.

And when, at the close of the evening, the first prize was awarded, and lots of other acorn souvenirs which showed Dan's clever workmanship were distributed, the girls and boys voted it the most entertaining Halloween party they had ever attended.

Walking on His Head

BOYS who have tried it know that it is by no means a simple feat to wait for any distance upon the hands. How, then, do you suppose any one could walk upon his head? And yet this has been accomplished by a man named Baptiste Cromwell.



UPON THE BALUSTRADE

Cromwell "walking" down the stone balustrade of the City Hall at Charlottetown. Had he fallen over the outer side there would have been a drop of over 20 feet to the flagging below. No wonder his attendants were nervous! Polly Evans would advise you to confine yourself to less difficult and less dangerous feats.

Mystic Circle, Signs and Omens



WHEN heathen folk in ages past great friendliness did show

With spirits dwelling far above, and some who lived below,

A festival they always gave, at harvest time each year,

Inviting goblin, witch and elf to share in the good cheer;

And to this time, though spirits now all hidden are from sight,

A night we give to Shadow Folk, as surely 'tis but right.

In masks grotesque and costumes weird, we dance the hours away,

Or practice quaint old customs, with a laugh and manner gay;

The mystic circle round the earth does bind us all together—

A superstition, girlish, covering each clime, each weather.

Among the Scots, the lads and lassies Halloween do spend

A-cracking nuts—'tis "Nut-crack

night" from twilight to the end

Of day; and many nuts are burned together, side by side,

While if they rest thus peacefully a girl will be a bride,

But if a nut will leap away, just so the lad will go;

Then, too, a lass, blindfolded and with step of measure slow,

Her way does make to a cabbage-patch, where she pulls up a stalk,

And thereupon in flushed excitement quickly home she'll walk

To look upon her treasure; for the root, the shape, the size

All tell about a husband in a manner omen-wise.

Mirrors are handy for the lass who'd look back o'er her shoulder—

perhaps walk backward out of doors, if she's a trifle bolder,

With candle and with mirror held, while muttering a rhyme,

"O H, THAT father were alive and I could learn to be a soldier!"

A deep sigh, escaped little Rama. For he was the son of a soldier—a Goorkha warrior who had been killed

while aiding the British in their attacks against the savage hill tribes; and a martial spirit had been bequeathed to him.

Rama nestled in the grass that grew close within the shadow of the hut, and looked reflectively at the snow-capped mountains which seemed to tower immediately above him. But not even the hoary, majestic Himalayas, silently watchful over hill and valley, could soothe with their grandeur the chafing restlessness in his soul.

They brought to him no hope—for how could there possibly be hope? Rama was sure that for many, many years he must help his mother and take care of his little sister. He loved his mother and sister with all his heart, but then the longing to be a soldier was growing day by day. If he could only have had time to play "soldier" with the other brown-skinned lads of the village perhaps he would not have felt this discontent; but his many duties about the house and the numerous chores he was compelled to do in order to gain a mere pittance robbed him of all leisure.

And then Patal came. Rama and his mother discovered him one morning lying outside their hut, ill and faint. He had been wandering from place to place. Poor as the little family was, some was more charitable. He was hospitably given shelter in the rude little cottage, and Rama's mother nursed him back to health.

Although Rama's duties were now greatly increased, he minded them not at all. For the old soldier, who was now well enough to be out of bed, spun many a tale of the camp and march. Rama hung upon every word of his father's, and the old soldier's lips as he told of exciting skirmishes and long hard campaigns. All of these descriptions the boy treasured, and he longed for the time when the soldier would be recovered enough to leave the house. Then he meant to ask him about the use of all warlike weapons, and to plead for instruction in their handling.

Long after Patal became well he lingered about the village, assuming many of the tasks Rama was wont to do, and intent upon showing his gratitude to Rama's mother by providing her with a better living. And so was Rama's contentment as well as his desire for the weapons employed by the Goorkhas increased. He would not let his father miss the manual of arms. The boy was an apt pupil, and rapidly became proficient.

Now, the lads of the village, as has been suggested, were enthusiastic in their wish to learn. They were organized into a little company, each member with a sword, and some had some times even small arms. About once a week there was a meeting, when after close competition, election of officers was held.

Rama was present at the next election.

Out to the barn Scotch lads would go, not long before this time,

Pretending there to winnow corn; three swings they'd make before

They'd see the face they wished to see—or else they'd try once more.

And English boys and girls disport themselves in merry style;

They apples pare and roses twine, 'thout disbelief or guile;

At midnight, 'round the walnut tree three times they slowly pace.

And then, up in the branches, seek they for the loved one's face.

In Irish farmhouse askewers swing, suspended from the ceiling;

But 'tis the apple, not the candle,

that boys go a-stealing; Full wondrous are the tales they tell of women dressed in white

'Bout warriors in armor black and terrifying quite!

While those belated travelers once used to whistle shrill,

Or sing a song right lustily to keep the goblins still;

Nor must we e'er forget the cake—"dumb-cake," I think, 'tis known—

Which collens of the Emerald Isle make carefully alone.

So that at night they'll dream of "him"—and then the wedding bell.

And on and on I might keep talking, but I could not tell

You half about All Halloween, its customs and its signs.

Its magic most uncanny—all within these few short lines.



Caliph-Merchant

"YOUR MAJESTY, there remains not a coin in the treasury."

"What shall we do to defray the expenses of our household?"

"Do as you have done in the past," returned the caliph, with a secret "tax the people."

The grand vizier shook his head doubtfully. "They are already on the point of revolting because of their heavy taxes," said he, "nor do I think they will submit to a further imposition."

"Go!" cried the caliph, "you weary me! Why after my having appointed you to look after my affairs, do you come to me with your troubles? Have

you not sufficient funds to plan? Leave me I shall think if a way out of the difficulty."

And when the caliph had smoked seven or eight cigarettes—which, as you know, is a sort of water pipe—he hit upon a scheme.

Next day it was announced that the caliph had decided that he was about to sell merchandise upon the main street.

Of course, the whole population of the city flocked to where the caliph had pitched, erected on the sidewalk and surrounded with hales of costly fabrics. The caliph had but to fix his own price—you may be sure that he made them high enough—and the people bought and bought until he had disposed of all his ware.

Nor was it long before the caliph made such vast sums in the way of profit that his treasury was again filled, whereupon he promptly retired from "business."

The very first thing he did after resuming his throne was to order the grand vizier out to death because of his lack of cleverness. So, you see, the caliph cannot have been a very good man, even though he had much sense.

"SELLS THE GOODS"

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A Little Goorkha Warrior

"O H, THAT father were alive and I could learn to be a soldier!"

A deep sigh, escaped little Rama. For he was the son of a soldier—a Goorkha warrior who had been killed

while aiding the British in their attacks against the savage hill tribes; and a martial spirit had been bequeathed to him.

Rama nestled in the grass that grew close within the shadow of the hut, and looked reflectively at the snow-capped mountains which seemed to tower immediately above him. But not even the hoary, majestic Himalayas, silently watchful over hill and valley, could soothe with their grandeur the chafing restlessness in his soul.

They brought to him no hope—for how could there possibly be hope? Rama was sure that for many, many years he must help his mother and take care of his little sister. He loved his mother and sister with all his heart, but then the longing to be a soldier was growing day by day. If he could only have had time to play "soldier" with the other brown-skinned lads of the village perhaps he would not have felt this discontent; but his many duties about the house and the numerous chores he was compelled to do in order to gain a mere pittance robbed him of all leisure.

And then Patal came. Rama and his mother discovered him one morning lying outside their hut, ill and faint. He had been wandering from place to place. Poor as the little family was, some was more charitable. He was hospitably given shelter in the rude little cottage, and Rama's mother nursed him back to health.

Although Rama's duties were now greatly increased, he minded them not at all. For the old soldier, who was now well enough to be out of bed, spun many a tale of the camp and march. Rama hung upon every word of his father's, and the old soldier's lips as he told of exciting skirmishes and long hard campaigns. All of these descriptions the boy treasured, and he longed for the time when the soldier would be recovered enough to leave the house. Then he meant to ask him about the use of all warlike weapons, and to plead for instruction in their handling.

Long after Patal became well he lingered about the village, assuming many of the tasks Rama was wont to do, and intent upon showing his gratitude to Rama's mother by providing her with a better living. And so was Rama's contentment as well as his desire for the weapons employed by the Goorkhas increased. He would not let his father miss the manual of arms. The boy was an apt pupil, and rapidly became proficient.

Now, the lads of the village, as has been suggested, were enthusiastic in their wish to learn. They were organized into a little company, each member with a sword, and some had some times even small arms. About once a week there was a meeting, when after close competition, election of officers was held.

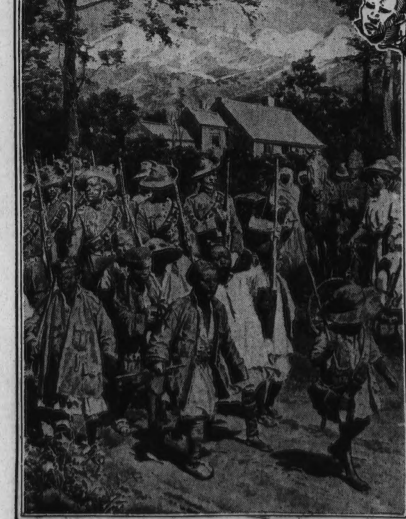
Rama was present at the next election.

Patal suggested that the lad ask to be enrolled in the company.

"What do you know?" asked Lampat, the captain.

Thereupon Rama proceeded to show what the old soldier had taught him. Wonder grew among the boys as they watched through the manual of arms without a single mistake. Then he told what he knew of military tactics. Finally, he placed a row of sticks in the ground about eight inches apart, and with their heads just four feet high, Rama, standing back a distance, he picked up from behind a tree a round, wooden weapon, sometimes used by the Goorkha soldiers, and which Patal had presented to him. The quail is very sharp on its

MARCHED AT THE HEAD OF THE TROOP



"MARCHED AT THE HEAD OF THE TROOP"

edge. Doffing whirling it, Rama set it at one of the stakes. The head of the stick was cut off as nicely as you please. And, in succession, Rama cut off the head of each stick.

Amazed at his dexterity and knowledge, the lads crowded about Rama, and he was showered with compliments upon him.

Next time a body of troops passed through the village, the little company of Goorkhas was a new captain in front, as was their usual custom. But at a tree a round, wooden weapon, sometimes used by the Goorkha soldiers, and which Patal had presented to him. The quail is very sharp on its

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3rd Prize	
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The highest prices paid

Ontkes & Armstrong.

A Theatrical Santa Claus.

By JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS.

THE week before Christmas in New York, "once upon a time, not so very long ago," showed Broadway full of eager shoppers, making tracks through a heavy fall of snow which the street sweepers had not yet cleared away. Up and down the magic street and its companion arteries to the retail district a jostling crowd, pushing, fighting its way, sought to catch glimpses of the many treasures temptingly displayed in the shop windows. Great extremes of life bumped elbows. The girl from the east side, coming down from the slums to view the good things—things forbidden to her pocketbook—brushed her threadbare skirts against the fur lined gown of the daughter of the rich. The almond eyed Celestial from the Chinese district mingled the opium scent of his blouse with the delicate violet of the well dressed French. Children from Fifth Avenue in their smart clothes edged away from squalidly dressed urchins with unwashed faces and uncombed hair.

There was happy contentment reflected on the faces of thousands, in contrast to the pinched, hungry, hopeless, feverish eyes of the other thousands so strangely mingled on the world's greatest thoroughfare.

At the Rialto theatre great preparations were in progress for the production of a new comic opera. Rehearsals had been going on from early morning until midnight, day in and day out. The back of the big stage was a veritable chaos. Unfinished scenery and mysterious looking "props" were being skillfully fashioned into counterfeits of presentations of camels, for there was to be a grand march of the king's caravan across the desert. There was an elephant, too, as big as life, and on



THE TWINKLING LIGHTS ILLUMINATED THE FIGURE OF SANTA CLAUS.

triches and weird objects, all piled in confusion with ornate plants and floral devices, glittering armor and all the thousands of odd things that were being prepared for the most dazzling comic opera of the year. "The Minister of the Sahara."

The scenic artists had been working day and night for weeks, and, with the "opening" now only a few days off, the managers were nervously dreading that the beautiful effects would not be finished in time. To add to this fear, Henry Grainger, the artist on whom the projections of the great spectacle had mainly depended, had succumbed to the strain of working for days and nights without sleep and scarcely stopping for anything to eat. He lay at his little east side home, tossing and raving in the delirium of typhoid fever. He had been absent from the painter's bridge for nearly a fortnight, and although his loss was considered serious at first, some one who had filled his place, and now he was forgotten. Scenic artists, like actors, are imprudent creatures, and if any of the warm hearted stage folk had had time to think of ought except the duties that weighed so heavily on each and every one they might have thought that the sick man, out of work and helplessly ill, might be suffering for want of money. Grainger was a favorite generally, and many a time had he gone down into his scant savings to help swell a contribution to some needy professional in distress. If anything ever roused the company of Grainger's absence it might have been that his little girl, an only one of seven, came no more with the artist's meals, as she used to when he painted away up there on the "bridge." She was a sweetly coy little thing, her great blue eyes set in a thoughtful and pale face, surrounded by golden curls.

And now it was Christmas eve, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Old Pete, the stage door tender, was startled from his reveries back in the shadow of his cage by the sweet voice of a child. She had "a note from mamma to Mr. Hardcraft, the manager." No, the manager was not around just then, but she could wait, he might be back any moment. Tenderly the rough old fellow led the tomy one to a procession box and, lifting her into a big upholstered chair, which she far from liked, laid her wait. A busy rehearsal was in progress, which the child watched with no special curiosity, for the sight was a familiar one to her, until after a succession of nods she fell asleep.

Every one on the stage was too busy to notice the little as she rested there, one foot curled under, her pretty face snugly pressed into the corner of the softly padded chair. Her red tam had slipped off, and her hair was loosely massed in ringlets about her face and neck. In a few minutes the stage manager abruptly stopped the operations and singing to announce that an hour would be given for something to eat. So there followed a hurrying to nearby cafes and lunch places, and the big theater was left dark and silent, where only a few mechanics previous had resounded the voices of chorus, the shuffling and patter of feet and the shouts of the excited director. After awhile, one by one and in pairs and more, the company began to assemble again. There was still a good half hour, and the boys and girls of the chorus accepted the opportunity to chat in groups as they sat on boxes, bundles of carpet or even squatted on the floor of the stage, their talk causing a hum to resound throughout the big auditorium.

And still the child slept on. Suddenly there was an ominous hush as Manager Hardcraft strode upon the stage, shaking snow from his fur lined coat and shining silk hat. His keen eyes pierced the darkness toward the seats, probably in an effort to detect any of the company who might be stealing some comfort in the box seats, but he found everything strictly forbidden. He roughly demanded to know who the "kid" was asleep in one of his forty dollar chairs. Calling old Pete from his post at the back, he wanted to know who let her in, anyway. Going to the little sleeper, Pete deftly took the envelope from his little hand which still clasped it, however loosely. The great man impatiently tore open the note, gave it a swift glance, crunched it and, throwing it among the foot lights, gave a pull at his cigar and strode hurriedly into the street. The company crowded forward to view the huge burlesque. Tony Thompson, the comedian of the organization, picked up the note, straightened out its creases and read aloud:

John Hardcraft, Esq., Manager the Rialto Opera Company.
Dear Sir:—For indulgence for this intruding upon your time and patience. It is with reluctance I write to ask if you cannot send me a few dollars to be laid back as soon as my husband is able to work again. I have used all the money he has saved for the doctor's bill and my own necessities. We have not had a cent in the house for two days now, and not only are we—my little daughter and myself—in need of food, but I fear that if I cannot renew the prescription for the medicine the doctor has ordered Mr. Grainger will have to leave. I am very much to ask this favor of you, but our condition is becoming desperate. It will be doing an act of kindness as shall never forget if you will send something to aid us in our predicament, and may God bless you for it. Respectfully, HELEN GRANGER.

Some one put the note deep into his pocket and brought up a piece of money, and then without a word there was a twinkling of dimes, quarters and halves as they dropped into the hat of the fat and rosy little comedian. The collection was tied up in a handkerchief and noiselessly placed into the lap of the sleeping child.

But that was not all. A happy thought came to the comedian, now as serious as a Hamlet. From a roll of money he whipped a twenty dollar bill. In a very few minutes the property man and his assistant had placed on the stage in front of the sleeping girl a nice green Christmas tree, purchased without much ado from the vendor on the corner. Others had hurriedly brought little red, white and blue candies, strings of popcorn, tinsel and candy berries, which were quickly attached to the boughs of the cedar. While this was going on Tony was giving orders in rapid succession, as follows:

"Quick, there, Jennie; bring that big Cosack coat with the fur all around the edges. Bill, run for those boots. Hurry, now. Somebody get me an old man's wig, long white hair, tied up and a beard. There, that's just the thing. Here, you all stand back in the aisle. Now, girls, sing softly the music that goes with the entrance of the queen's barge in the starlight. That's it—just a little softer!"

The sound of celestial music filled the place. It was dark save where the twinkling lights of the Christmas tree illuminated the figure of the merry Santa Claus standing alongside, with his kindly face turned toward the slowly awakening child. She opened her eyes, blinked them again from the light, sat straight, rubbed her eyes with her tiny fists, stirred herself and then, settling back in the big chair,

dozed away. Jumping down from the stage, the Santa Claus took her on his lap and tightly held her in his arms.

"What's the matter, little one? Don't you see that Santa Claus has come to take care of you?"

"Yes, I know, dear Santa, but I am crying because I am afraid I'll wake up and find it isn't real." And the trembling child huddled closer.

"But it is real, and you are not asleep. See this handkerchief filled with money for your dear sick papa. Now take it home, and tonight be sure to hang up your stockings, both of them, for when every little boy and girl is asleep I am going to make my rounds, and I am not going to forget you."—Atlanta Constitution.

Turkey Once a Side Dish.
Turkeys, mince pies and plum puddings are now regarded as the chief items in the Christmas dinner, but at one time they were mere side dishes in an enormous number of courses.

When Christmas Lasted Weeks.
Our ancestors thought nothing of taking three weeks' notice at Christmas time.

Canadian Pacific Annual Excursions TO U. S. Points Low Round Trip Rates

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FOREST SCHOOLS.

Two Already Established in Canada—

A Third in Progress.

Two schools of forestry are now in operation in Canada. Of these, that at the University of Toronto is the older. This was inaugurated in the autumn of 1907. It is a distinct Faculty of the University and has a staff of one professor, two lecturers and an assistant.

The head of the school and dean of the faculty of forestry is Dr. B. E. Fernow. He is a German by training, a graduate of the celebrated forest school at Muenchen, and has also studied at the University of Konigsberg. He has, however, been a resident of this country for over thirty years, was for twelve years (from 1886 to 1898) chief of the Division of Forestry of the United States Department of Agriculture, after which he was head of the New York State College of Forestry, connected with Cornell University, from 1898 to 1903. After several years passed as consulting forest engineer, he organized the Department of Forestry at the Pennsylvania State College, and thence came directly to the University of Toronto to organize the faculty of forestry in that university.

The course at the University of Toronto is an undergraduate one, requiring four years of study. It leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Forestry (B.Sc.). With the post-graduate degree of Forest Engineer (F.E.), after at least three years' practice.

The University of New Brunswick, at Fredericton, N.B., also offers a four-year undergraduate course in forestry, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Forestry (B.Sc.). The course was inaugurated at the beginning of the present session (1908-09). The professor in forestry is Mr. B. B. Miller, M.A., M.F., a graduate of the Yale Forest School, one of the leading forestry schools in the continent.

In the province of Quebec steps are also being taken to establish a forestry school. Courses of study in forestry or preparatory to forestry are also offered by various other universities and agricultural colleges.

Church—What's that place of string tied around your finger for?

Chapel—My wife put it there to remind me to post her letter.

"And did you post it?"

"No, she forgot to give it to me."—London Opinion.

A cough is often the forerunner of serious pulmonary afflictions, yet there is a simple cure within the reach of all in Bickel's and widely recognized remedy, an old-time and widely recognized remedy, if resorted to at the inception of a cold, will usually give relief, and by overcoming the trouble, guard the system from any serious consequences. Price 25 cents, at all dealers.

A certain Congressman is the father of a bright lad of ten who persists in despising the parental objection and decree, in reading literature of the "half dime" variety.

"That's a nice way to be spending your time," said the father on one occasion. "What's your ambition, son?"

"Dad," responded the youngster, with a smile. "I'd like to have people call me the son of a—"

Oh, it will take the ache out of a bruise and prevent the flesh from discoloring. It seems as if there was magic in it, so speedily does the injury disappear under treatment.

For Sprains and Bruises.—There is nothing better for sprains and contusions than Dr. Thomas' Pain-Expeller. It will reduce the swelling that follows a sprain, will cool the inflamed flesh and draw the pain as it by magic. It will take the ache out of a bruise and prevent the flesh from discoloring. It seems as if there was magic in it, so speedily does the injury disappear under treatment.

A southerner, hearing a great commotion in his chicken house one dark night, took his revolver and went to investigate.

"Who's there?" he sternly demanded, opening the door.

"Who's there?" Answer or I'll shoot!"

A trembling voice from the farthest corner:

"Dead, sah, dey ain't nobody hyah 'cep'n us chickens."—Everybody's Magazine.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in cows.

Started Already.

Wangles was married recently, and there was a regular fair of rice, confection and old shoes for good luck, as usual with the cab. Monster, on the turning round he was struck above the eye with a friendly shoe with rather heavy heel.

As the cab immediately drove away no notice was taken of the accident, and, despite the large handkerchief injured by his sobbing bride over the injured eye, the blood still flowed down Wangles' face.

When they arrived at their destination the newly created benedict went out to a doctor to get the bleeding stopped.

"How did you come by this, my man?"

"Well, you see, doctor—aw—I got married this morning, and—I commenced Wangles when the doctor broke in."

"What! Has she started already?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Diaper.

HOW MRS. CLARK FOUND RELIEF

AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HER.

Pleasant Point Matron Tells Her Suffering Sister How to Free From the Terrible Pains That Make Life a Burden.

Pleasant Point, Ont. (Special).—That most of the ills that the suffering women of Canada have to bear are due to disordered kidneys, and that the natural cure for them is Dodd's Kidney Pills, is once more shown in the case of Mrs. Merril C. Clarke, a well-known resident of this place and a prominent member of the Salvation Army. Mrs. Clarke is always ready to give her experience for the benefit of her suffering sisters.

"My sickness commenced twenty years ago with the change of life," says Mrs. Clarke. "My health was in a bad state. I was troubled from my head which would make me faint. When I came out of the fainting spells I took pills. I was told that I was clumsy. The pain I suffered was awful. I would go to my feet and then to my bed. My doctor attended me, and I tried many medicines, but nothing gave me relief till I took Dodd's Kidney Pills. The first box stopped the fits and seven boxes cured me completely."

"The woman should use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They make strong healthy kidneys, and the woman who has good kidneys is safe against the attacks of the disease that make miserable the lives of so many women."

The Chicago Incident.

Chicago High school boys whose fraternities were broken up by the struggle have hit upon a scheme for maintaining their organizations. They have formed from among the members of the chapters under the name "cooking clubs," which will continue the headquarters of the proscribed Greek letter associations. The cooking clubs—in which, so far as the Chicago papers have learned to date, no culinary art is to be performed—are to be district organizations, composed of boys from certain sections of the city, and from some particular school. This scheme was evolved to get around an anti-fraternity pledge required by the boys by the Board of Education.

"I have no children sound and healthy is the first rule of a mother. They cannot be healthy if troubled with worms. Use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator."

Bronson—I understand he painted colubas on the ceiling so perfectly that the maid went herself out trying to sweep them down.

Johnson—There may have been such an artist, but he never was such a housemaid.—Punch.

SLEEPLESS BABIES ARE SICKLY BABIES

When babies are restless and sleepless it is the surest possible sign of illness. We should sleep soundly and wake up brightly. Sleeplessness is generally due to some derangement of the stomach or bowels, or to teething troubles. A few doses of Baby's Own Tablets will put the little one right, and make it sleep naturally and soundly. Mothers need not be afraid of this medicine as it is guaranteed by the most eminent chemists to be opiate or narcotic. Mrs. Louis Reville, Kansas, says:— "I have never without Baby's Own Tablets in the house. I have used this medicine for my children as occasion required for the last five years, and have found it superior to all other medicines in curing the ills of childhood." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The gigantic steampship had faced easterly gales the way across the Atlantic, and there were uneasy billows from the hundreds of cattle in the 'tween-decks.

"I wonder whether we shall ever get to London?" cried Miss Manhattan, promanaging the hurricane deck.

"We're two days late now. How long this voyage is! How long!"

Quosquus tandem, Catalina I. quoted Mr. Tansend, who said:

"What's that?" she inquired. "I don't understand latin, you know."

"How long, pray, O cattle line!" Mr. Tansend solemnly responded.—Harper's Weekly.

Black Watch

Chewing Tobacco

The big black plug.

Origin of Cork Legs.

"A cork leg" said the dealer. "Why, man, a cork leg would crumble under you like a leg of bread. You don't want a cork leg, but an elm or willow one. A leg was never made of cork since the world's beginning. But many people think as you do, and I'll tell you how the fallacy originated. The inventor of the modern artificial leg—the leg instead of the stick—was John Cork. Cork's legs, or cork legs, were famous around 1810. And whenever a man or woman wanted to pay an unconscious tribute to Cork's skill."

Very Much Settled.

An elderly woman, on being examined before the magistrate of Bungay as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reasons she had for supposing that her deceased husband's settlement was at St. Andrews.

The old lady looked earnestly at the bench and said:

"He was born there, he was married there, and they buried him there; and if that isn't settling him there, I'd like to know what is!—London Telegraph.

A Correction.

Bertie—Father, what is an egotist? Father—He is a man who thinks he is smarter than any one else. Mother—My dear, you are scarcely right. The smartest of the world who are egotists are smarter than any one else. All men think they are.

Small Himself.

"The trouble with that man is that he takes small matters seriously."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but you cannot expect him to do other wise without sacrificing his self-esteem."

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Rudyard Kipling as a Preacher.

That Mr. Rudyard Kipling is a capital speaker has once again been illustrated by his presence at a prize-giving at the Middlesex Hospital Medical School. On one occasion he was himself a capital preacher. He was crossing the Pacific on an Empress liner when a seaman died, leaving a widow and a large family. On the ship's notice-board next day there appeared the announcement: "A Sermon by a Layman." At the appointed time a curious crowd descended Kipling standing on an improvised platform, from which he preached a fifteen-minute sermon. How eloquent it was may be gathered from the result:—a congregation of over \$300 from a congregation of fewer than two hundred.

Mme. Melba's Superstitions.

Mme. Melba admits that she has her full share of superstitions. "For one thing," she says, "I cannot bear peacock feathers, and if any visitor comes and wears one, I must leave the room. It makes me shudder. Brer! Then I have an instinctive dread of being photographed in the costume of a port in which I have not previously appeared; I think this is always unlucky."

Terrified by a Boy.

Parley and Kenley (England) people have been terrified by letters threatening, in inflated and mysterious terms, the assassination of some of the household, and the police have traced the authorship to a romantic lad of nine.

Stonless Acres.

In Manitoba you can turn a furrow many miles long, and a mountain stone as large as your fist. The earth for a distance down from three to five centuries and centuries of decaying vegetation.

Sardines.

Four hundred millions of sardines are taken every day of English coasts. Sardines are simply young pilchards.

Helped the Police.

Two young thieves who had robbed a shop front in Brussels were so hard pressed in the chase by the police and the shopkeeper that they lost their heads and fled right into a police station before recognizing it.

Eddystons.

The smallest inhabited island in the world is that on which the Eddystons lighthouse stands. At high water the lighthouse, whose diameter at the base is twenty-eight and three-quarter feet, is completely covered. It is inhabited by three persons.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

A rather pompous-looking deacon in a certain city club was asked to take charge of a class of boys during the absence of the regular teacher. While endeavoring to impress upon the young pupils the importance of living a Christian life the following question was proposed:

Why do people call me a Christian, children? the worthy dignitary asked, and very erect and smiling down upon them.

"Because they don't know you," was the ready answer of a bright-eyed little boy, responding to the ingratiating smile with one equally pleasing and winning.—Lippincott's.



FOR a man a pair of Cuff Links would make a most appropriate and useful Christmas Gift.

THE LINKS shown here are very strongly made from 14k gold—and are endorsed where ordinary links give out.

ENCLOSED in this case—and engraved with any monogram. The price is

\$5.00

Sent post paid to any address

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE

RYRIE BROS.,

LIMITED

134-136-138 Yonge St.

TORONTO

"Didn't you say there was a 'statesman in your family?'" queried my deaf friend.

"Oh, no," I cried, hastening to correct his peculiar impression. "I merely said that a relative of mine was one of the United States Senators from New York."—Bohemian Magazine.

"How's Your Stomach?"

is the way people in China say "Good Morning." The greeting of almost every nation is an inquiry after health. The Chinese have the root of the matter. A strong stomach is the foundation. Look after this organ and the general health cares for itself. Man is so constituted it cannot be otherwise. It is the mission of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

to keep the stomach well, the liver active and the bowels regular, to dispel sickness and create health. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness or Constipation cannot exist when Beecham's Pills are used according to directions. For 50 years they have cured disordered stomachs, and are now a world-famous remedy. They merit your confidence.

Sold Everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

ABSORBINE

Cure Stomach Pains, Indigestion, Flatulence, Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, and all other painful affections. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant.

Also Prepared by Martin Dole & Company, Ltd., Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Chemists, 100, Strand, London, W.C.2, England.

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SPECIAL TO GRAIN SHIPPERS.

It takes years to learn the best methods of handling grain. We have had thirty years' experience in handling grain in this country, have a branch office at Fort William and close business connections with all grain countries. Ship your grain through us for prompt returns and good service. References: Union Bank of Canada.

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W. N. U. No. 718.

PILLS FOR FOUR YEARS

Only those who suffer from piles can know the agony, the burning, throbbing, shooting, stabbing pains which this distressing ailment causes and the way it wrecks the sufferer's life! Zam-Buk is blessed by thousands who need to suffer from piles, but whom it has cured. One such grateful person is Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor of Greenwood Avenue, Toronto. She says: "For four long years I suffered acutely from bleeding piles. During that time I spent an immense amount of money on 'remedies' and doctor's prescriptions but I got no ease. Zam-Buk was different to everything else I had tried and it cured me. I am grateful for the cure, and as I have never had piles since, I know the cure is permanent."

Another thankful woman is Mrs. A. E. Gardiner, of Caledonia, Trinity Bay. She says: "In my case Zam-Buk effected a wonderful cure. For 15 years I had been troubled with blind, bleeding and protruding piles. I had been using various kinds of ointments, etc., but never came across anything to do me good until I tried Zam-Buk which cured me. That this may be the means of helping some sufferers from piles to try Zam-Buk is the wish of one who has found great relief."

Zam-Buk is a purely herbal balm and should be in every home for its cure of burns, bruises, eczema, skin, itching, hemorrhoids, etc., and all diseases and injuries of the skin. Ask Druggists for it, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

USE Zam-Buk The Balm that benefits YOU

ALL DRUGGISTS SOLE AGENTS

Safe Enough.

Hicks—You were dreadfully indiscreet to mention that important detail to your wife.

Chick—Oh, it's all right. I didn't tell her it was a secret.—Boston Transcript.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until ten years ago was supposed to be incurable. For the last many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials.

Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"So you said that miserable old mule of yours?"

"Yesir," replied Mr. Erastus Pinker. "Foh real mugsy."

"Doesn't it weigh on your conscience?"

"Well, boss, I's done had dat mule on my mind so long it's 'kind of a relief to change an' git 'im on my conscience."—Washington Star.

Destroys Hair Germs

Recent discoveries have shown that falling hair is caused by germs at the roots of the hair.

Therefore, to stop falling hair, you must first completely destroy these germs. Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will certainly do this. Then leave the rest to nature.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle.

Ask your druggist for it.

Recent discoveries have also proved that dandruff is caused by germs on the scalp.

Therefore, to cure dandruff, the first thing to do is to completely destroy these dandruff germs. Here, the same Ayer's Hair Vigor will 'live the same splendid results.

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's

Formula with each bottle.

Ask your druggist for it.

Recent discoveries have also proved that dandruff is caused by germs on the scalp.

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Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

D. A. MacCrimmon.

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Farm Scales.

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A \$3000 Threshing Outfit, complete; a \$400 Piano; a 20-shoe Single Disc Drill, and many other Prizes—over 220 in all—will be given by THE NOR'-WEST FARMER to the persons making the closest estimate as to the exact number of whole kernels in five pounds of No. 1 Northern wheat.

WHAT IS YOUR ESTIMATE?

To record your estimate, you merely send it in with \$1.75 as subscription to CROSSFIELD CHRONICLE and THE NOR'-WEST FARMER for one year.

MAKE AN ESTIMATE NOW. By doing so you get the Nor'-West Farmer to Jan. 1st, 1910. In case of a tie the Estimate First Received gets the Award.

You are as likely to win as anyone; and whether you win a prize or not, you get sterling value for your money, in a year's subscription to two such papers as ours and The Nor'-West Farmer.

Send Estimates and Subscriptions to this Office

Competition Closes March 31, 1909

Let Crossfield Flourish

Bring your sick boots and shoes and have them fixed by one of your own citizens

JOHN MORRION,

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Also to OKANAGAN VALLEY and KOOTENAY POINTS.

Tickets on sale December 1, 2, 3, 17, 18, 19, 1908. January 4, 5, 6, 21, 22, 23, and 24, 1909, good to return within three months.

J. E. PROCTOR,
Dist. Pass. Agent, Calgary.

\$5 REWARD.

ENTRAY. — Bay gelding with white star in forehead; weight about 1000

lbs. branded RB on left shoulder. Reward \$5. Horse is believed to be east of town.

R. L. BOYLE.

Oddfellows Lodge Formed Here.

Last Thursday night a Lodge of Oddfellows was formed in Crossfield under most favorable conditions. There was a fine degree team from Calgary to assist with the initiation ceremonies besides a large number of Oddfellows from Airdrie and Carstairs.

Among those from Calgary were: J. W. Mitchell, grandmaster; J. Brewer, D. D. G. M.; H. J. Adams, grand treasurer; J. J. B. Little, G. W. Henderson, M. S. Sanders, J. H. Galloway, past grand; D. Bain, noble grand; Alberta No. 1; J. F. Davidson, G. A. James, C. E. Crandell.

The new lodge is No. 42 in the jurisdiction of Alberta and the third lodge to be instituted since the last meeting of grand lodge. It starts off with a charter membership of 21 and several applications for initiation have been received. The Calgary contingent returned on the delayed train from the north.

The following are officers appointed in connection with the new lodge.

N. G.—J. S. Martin
V. G.—L. Boyle
Treasurer.—M. L. Boyle
Rec.—Secretary—A. F. Stevenson
Fin.—Secretary—A. F. Stevenson
Warden—W. Gaslin
Cond.—Jas. Dryburg
I. G.—C. Hultgren
O. G.—C. Brown
R. S. N. G.—J. Davie
L. S. N. G.—E. C. Colter
R. S. V. G.—C. Anderson
L. S. V. G.—D. G. Harvie
R. S. S. G.—G. Becker
L. S. S. W.—E. Edwards
Chaplain.—Jas. Meshort

AIRDRIE.

Sunny Alberta!

Watch Airdrie Grow!

Presbyterian services at 3:30 p. m.

Methodist Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting will be held on Thursday evening.

Mr. Johnston has his chip mill running in fine style now.

Church of England service will be

held in Glover & MacCormack hall Airdrie, on Sunday next at 11.30 a. m.

N. L. McNeil, three miles north of Airdrie, is having an auction sale of horses and implements on Monday December 28th. Leslie Farr has just commenced auctioneering himself and will act on that occasion with J. M. Windsor as clerk.

CROSSFIELD.

If you want to sell your farm for cash, see Hultgren & Davie.

When you want a loan on your farm see Hultgren & Davie. They place it in the best companies, quickest return, and only 7 and 8 per cent interest.

South African Script (320 acres) for sale. Will sell it right. R. T. Boyle, Crossfield.

Mr. Mitchell, of the Palace Meat Market, commences a cash business at the beginning of the year.

E. C. Woolsey's auction sale was very successful and he is well pleased with the result.

Miss M. McMillan, of the Chronicle staff, is spending Christmas with friends at High River.

Judging a Melon.

Is there any way for a purchaser to tell a good melon without cutting and testing it? That is exactly what an expert melon grader is expected to do, to judge the flavor of the melon as well as the size. The best external indication in a netted Gem and melons of similar type is a golden greenish color, the melon being deeply ribbed and thickly overlaid with rather coarse gray netting, the edges of which rise perpendicularly from the surface. The melon should be heavy. There should be no ragged or broken stem to indicate that the melon was torn from the vine before it was ripe enough to part freely. If one follows these points he is pretty sure to get the perfection of melon produced by the quality of the seed planted. If the seed has come from a tasteless melon the result will be disappointing even with thorough culture and the best care in picking and shipping.—Baltimore American.

Objectively Considered.

Ruggies—What horsepower is your new automobile? Ruggies—Two. I guess. That's the horsepower it took to lull it to the repair shop when it broke down on a country road the other day.



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Nuts, Fancy Apples, Oranges, Grapes, Figs, Dates, Raisins, Etc.

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